

Now is the winter of Discontent
made glorious summer by this fall
of york



Enter Richard

NOW is the winter of d
Made glorious somme
And all the cloudes th
In the deepe bosome of th
Now are our browes boun
Our brused armes hung v
Our sterne alarums chang
Our dreadfull marches to
Grim-visagde warre, bath si
And now in stead of moun
To fright the soules of fea
He capers nimble in a Ladi
To the lasciuious pleasing
But I that am not sharpe fo
Nor made to court an amo
I that am rudely stamp, an
To strut before a wanton a
I that am curtaild of this fai
Cheated of feature by disse
Deformed, vnfinisht, sent b
Into this breathing world
And that so lamely and vne
That dogs barke at me as
Why I in this weake piping
Haue no delight to passe a
Vnlesse to spie my shadow
And descant on mine owne
And therefore since I cann
To entertaine these faire w
I am determin'd to proue
And hate the idle pleasures
Plots haue I laid, inductio